

Where The Road Parts

The Dear Hunter

It's ironic how I'd fall just to get back up again
A fix to cure this ailing bitter agony
Meet me where the road parts
You remember where we first met
So tongue-in-cheek with stale irony
If it pleases you, it pleases me

Just an innocent call, a telephone call
Just an innocent call

Now, if you were in bloom I'd pluck your petals clean
Although it won't seem so, I can promise you, my ego's running
me
Then I'd be called, you were the only one that didn't fold
But I just broke right down for you in an attempt to gain contr
ol
Maybe I'm a waste of time (waste of time, waste of time)

(Sacrifice another life, sacrifice another life)

You were the only one that didn't fold
You were the only one that didn't fold
You were the only one that didn't fold
You were the only one that didn't fold
You were the only one that didn't fold
You were the only one that didn't fold